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The little child is friend.

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Boston, Ticknor, Reed and
Fields, 1851



THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER DOG.

Gift
M.C. Harzee
11.5.1942

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When little children quarrel,
It is a shocking sight :
To make each other happy,
Should be their chief delight.

The birds that sing so sweetly
Are very dear to me ;
When I hear their cheerful music,
It makes me full of glee.

I love the pretty flowers,
That make the air so sweet,
And the soft green grass and mosses
That grow beneath my feet.

I love my Heavenly Father,
Who made each thing that lives ;
My friends and everything I love,
Are blessings that He gives.

He loves to have me gentle,
Obedient and mild,
And every day I mean to try
To be a better child.

MORNING HYMN.

Morning's golden light is breaking,
Dusky Night has passed away,
I must rise, and quickly hasten
To the duties of the day.

I will not waste my hours in slumber,
Now the sun is shining bright,
And the birds with cheerful music,
Welcome back the morning light.

Every bird, and tree, and flower,
Seemed to join in hymns of praise ;
All, refreshed by Night's cool breezes,
Hail again the sun's bright rays.

Every object that surrounds us,
Everything both great and small,
Our Heavenly Father so createth,
That it may do good to all.

When at play, and when at study,
Let me ever bear in mind,
Little children may be useful,
If obedient and kind.

I can do some good to others,
Though I am not very strong ;
And I shall learn to be more useful,
If I shun each thing that's wrong.

To do what e'er my parents teach me,
I will try with all my might,
And always pray my Heavenly Father
To guide my thoughts and actions right.



THE SEASONS.

MARY.

“ I love the Spring, the gentle Spring,
When the warm south breezes blow,
When the birds return to summer homes,
And the pretty flowers grow.”

ANNA.

“ I love the pleasant summer hours,
When the earth is glad and bright,
And butterflies, with painted wings,
Are sporting in the light.”

WILLIAM.

“ The Autumn months are dear to me,
The harvest of the year ;
I love to see the loaded trees,
And the reaper’s song to hear.”

HENRY.

“ I love the cheerful Winter best,
I love the frost and snow ;
On the slippery ice, with sled or skates,
How merrily we can go.”

ALL.

“ We love each season in its turn,
For each is full of joy,
When books, and work, and healthy play
Our youthful days employ.”

her sick grandmother? It was a hard struggle to do so; but Susan had prayed to the Lord that morning to help her put away all selfish feelings, and now she thought of her prayer, and felt that He would help her to do right.

"I think mother will let me stay with you this forenoon, Grandma," she said. "A great many little girls are invited to visit me this afternoon, so I cannot stay all day. I will run and ask mother," she added, "and come back and tell you what she says."

Susan did not mention the ride, because she knew that her grandmother would not like to deprive her of so much pleasure.

Mrs. May was much pleased with Susan's request, and she kissed her affectionately, and said, —

"All the rides in the world would not give you so much pleasure as you will receive from this kindness to your grandmother, dear Susan. Your aunt has company to dine, and will depend upon our being there, or I am sure your father would willingly defer the ride till another day; but we

will return immediately after dinner, and prepare everything for your little party."

Susan's father now came into the room. He, too, was pleased with his little girl, and told her to do all the good she could; and to tell her grandmother that he and her mother would come to see her in the afternoon.

Then Susan bade her father and mother good morning, and taking her new book in her hand, was soon at her grandmother's side.

"I have come to stay all the forenoon, Grandma," she said, "and I have brought my new book, to read to you. Father and mother will come to see you after dinner."

All the morning Susan cheerfully waited upon her grandmother, doing many little things to make her more comfortable; and sometimes reading pretty stories or singing songs, which she had learned at school, to her. The old lady said that she made her feel so much better, that she thought she would get up and dress herself, and sit in the large easy chair by the window; and when dinner-

time came, a small round table was drawn near to her, and she and Susan had a very pleasant little dinner party together. Before three o'clock, Susan saw her father and mother walking along the path which led to the house. She ran to meet them, and her mother told her that it would soon be time for her to go home, as the little girls were to come at four.

"And grandma is much better," said Susan, "I am so glad I stayed with her — we have had a nice time."

"Susan is an excellent nurse," said her grandmother, as they entered the room, "she has quite cured me, I believe. And now, while I talk with your father and mother, my child, you can ask John to go with you to the garden, and gather some of the nicest fruit for your little friends."

Susan ran off much pleased with this permission. In about half an hour her mother called her, and said that she must bid her grandmother good bye, and return home with her.

A merry party of little girls soon assembled at

Mrs. May's, and a happy time they had in the garden and fields, and in Susan's pleasant play room. Susan tried to make them all happy, and to think very little of her own pleasure ; and this she soon found was the way to be happy herself.

About seven o'clock, when they were tired of play, they had a nice supper of bread and milk, and fruit and cake : Susan's new tea-set was on the table, and was very much admired. Soon after supper the little girls said good bye, and went to their own homes.

"This has been a really happy day, dear mother," said Susan, as she kissed her mother, and bade her good night.

"It has, indeed, my daughter ; your new-year is well begun, and we will pray to our heavenly Father to help you to make every day a good day, and to put away all selfishness from your heart."



The fields and woods are beautiful,
We wished you had been there.

“The air is sweet with dewy flowers,
And the smell of the new mown hay ;
I love to watch the mower’s scythe,
As he cuts the grass away.

“The birds, on every bush and tree,
Were singing so sweet and clear ;
I know, dear mother, ’t would make you glad
Their pretty songs to hear.

“I love to rise with the morning light,
And go with father to walk ;
For in the green wood or on the hill side,
We have such a pleasant talk.

“A morning walk fills my heart with joy,
And love to our Father in heaven ;
Who made everything on this beautiful earth,
And every blessing has given.”

WHO LOVES YOU BEST?

“ Another day is almost gone,
And you must go to rest ;
But, first, my Emma, can you tell
Who loves my child the best ? ”

“ I think it must be you, mamma,
You give me food to eat,
And always make me pretty clothes,
And keep me clean and neat.

“ You always nurse me when I ’m sick,
And try to make me well ;
What I should do without mamma,
I ’m sure I cannot tell.

“ You shake your head I am not right,
Well, I will try again ;
If you do n’t love your Emma best,
It must be father, then.

"I know he loves me very much,
And I have heard you say —
To earn the money that we need,
He works from day to day."

"'T is true, my child, we love you well,
And many things we do
To fill your little heart with joy,
And prove our love to you.

"But there is one who loves you more,
His name my Emma knows ;
He gave her life, and health, and friends,
And every gift bestows."

"O, mother, now I know, indeed
I did not think before,
Though you and father love me well,
The Lord still loves me more.

"For every blessing that I have,
Was by my Maker given ;

And he has given me a soul,

That I may live in heaven."

"Yes, Emma, dear, and you must try

His holy name to praise,

By doing what is good and true,

And shunning evil ways."



TRY AGAIN.

I saw a spider spin her web,

Each thread was like a hair;

But she chose a funny place to build,

From the ceiling to a chair.

And soon she heard the housemaid's step,

It filled her with dismay;

And presently with brush or broom,

The web was swept away.

"I'll try again," the spider said,

"Another place I'll find : "

"*I'll try again,*" these simple words

I treasured in my mind.

I saw a robin build her nest,

A fine old tree she'd found ;

But e'er 't was done, a tempest rose,

And the tree fell to the ground.

"I'll try again," said robin, then,

"There are many trees in the wood,"

And she cheerfully sung as she flew away,

"I can build another as good."

A pretty red squirrel had built his house

Within an old tree's core ;

And he labored hard the autumn through

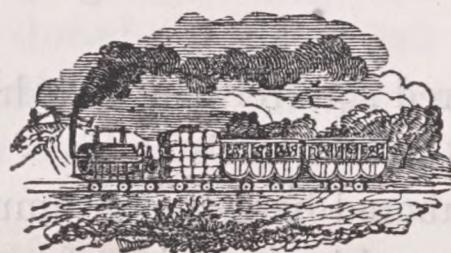
To lay up his winter's store.

Some children stole all his nuts away,

They did it in thoughtless glee ;

"Never mind," said the squirrel, "I'll try again,
There are plenty more nuts on the tree."

I said to myself, the lesson I've learned,
Is useful for children and men ;
Be patient in trouble, and never despair,
But cheerfully say,— "Try again."





THE OLD MAN.

THE OLD MAN.

A poor old man with trembling steps,

And hair of silvery hue,

Sank down upon the cold damp ground,

Hungry and weary too.

His limbs were weak and stiff with age,

His heart was filled with grief;

He had no friend upon the earth,

To soothe or give relief.

Just then there chanced to pass that way,

Kind Henry and his sister, Jane;

They saw the poor old man, and quick

They hastened to relieve his pain.

With kindly words, did gentle Jane,

New comfort to his bosom bring;

While Henry, from a neighboring shop,

Brought bread, and water from the spring.

When thus refreshed, the grateful man
Poured many a blessing on each head ;
And then the children to their home,
The aged wanderer led.

Their parents heard the piteous tale,
And kindly bade him stay ;
And share with them their happy home,
Until a brighter day.

And now, with every want supplied,
His toils and griefs forgot ;
The old man passed his days in peace,
And blessed his happy lot.



THE USEFUL SQUIRREL.

“I will not be an idle boy,”
Said little James one day,
“For every one should do some good,
I heard my father say.”

“The horse and cow are both of use,
The cow gives milk for food ;
The horse can draw the coach and plough,
And that is doing good.

“And pussy kills the rats and mice,
Which, mother says, is right ;
And our good dog, he guards the house
While we 're asleep at night.

“But there 's one thing that I can 't find
Does any good at all,
That little squirrel red with stripes,
Who lives in our wall.

“I 've seen him running up and down
The very tallest trees,
He sits upon a slender branch
That rocks with every breeze.

“He seems to pass his life in play,
I think I 'll go and see
If I can find what good he does,
He looks so full of glee.”

Away ran Jemmie to the wood,

And very soon he saw

The squirrel on a tall oak tree,

With an acorn in his paw.

From branch to branch he nimbly leaped,

His bright eye glancing round,

To see if there was danger near,

Until he reached the ground.

He still held fast his acorn prize,

Part of his winter store ;

I think he meant to take it home,

And then return for more.

But as he turned his little head

Toward Jemmie's hiding place,

He caught a glimpse of a nice straw hat,

And a merry roguish face.

With eager haste the squirrel hid

His acorn, cup and all,

Within a little hole near by,

And vanished in the wall.

'Mid bush and stone, James vainly searched,
'T was useless trouble quite ;
The little thing was far too wise,
To risk another fright.

"I'll look no more," then Jemmie cried,
"Run home as fast as you please ;
I know what good you do in the world,
You plant the great oak trees."

"I saw you bury your acorn cup
So snugly in the earth ;
And father told me that acorns small,
To great oak trees give birth.

"Each thing that lives was made for use,
And I'll begin to-day
And see how useful I can be,
I will not always play."

EVENING HYMN.

Another day is now departing,
The light is fading from the west ;
No more among the flowers sporting,
I 'll leave my play and go to rest.

But, e'er I seek the downy pillow
Which so oft hath held my head,
Let me pray my heavenly Father,
To keep his angels round my bed.

Let me ask him to forgive me,
For each evil thing I 've done ;
And give me strength upon the morrow,
Every wicked way to shun.

Let me thank him for the blessings,
He hath given unto me —
Life and health, and friends and parents ;
May I ever thankful be.

Lord, give me strength to keep thy precepts,
Help me walk in virtue's ways ;
Shunning evil thoughts and actions,
Thus my Maker's name I 'll praise.



HOLDING THE HORSE.

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Oh, father ! I 'm glad you have come home at last,
Come, give me the reins, I will hold the horse fast,
While you take off your coat, and tell mother
 you 've come,

She has wished very often that you were at home.

You say I 'm too small, and would let the horse go,
But I guess, my dear father, that you do not know
How much I helped mother while you were away,
She says I have been very useful to-day.

Besides, our good horse is so gentle and kind,
That if I say "Stand !" I am sure he will mind ;
And if he does run, he will do nothing more
Than go to the stable and wait at the door.

So give me the reins, there, now you have gone ;
Stand still, my good Dobbin, while we are alone ;
When father comes back you shall go to your rest,
And have a good supper of what you like best.

Why, here he comes now, not a minute he stayed,
He might have been longer, I am not afraid ;
Good night, my good Dobbin, and some other day
I will hold you again when Papa is away.



HARRY'S HOLIDAY;

OR,

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED YOUR PLAY,
PUT YOUR THINGS AWAY.

"Returned from school so soon, my son!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, as her little boy ran into the room where she was sitting at work, his cheeks glowing with exercise, and his bright eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"Oh, mother, mother," he replied, "there will be no school all day; the teacher is obliged to go away, and she has given us a holiday; I am so very glad, I ran all the way home to tell you the good news as soon as possible, and to ask you if I may play all day?"

"If you wish to," replied his mother, smiling ; "but if you should grow tired of play before night, I will give you a little work to do."

"I do not think I can be tired of play, mother, Charley Morse came home with me to stay one hour. We are going to play marbles : do you know where my bag of marbles is, mother ?"

"I know where it *ought* to be, my son : upon the nail which I gave you for that purpose."

"I forgot to hang up the bag, mother. I left it on the floor, somewhere ; I wonder where it can be ?" And Henry hastily began to search for the marbles.

His mother sat quietly at her work. She would gladly have helped her little boy, but she had often tried to teach him to be careful and orderly, and she was sorry to find that he did not remember to do as she had told him ; so she resolved to let him suffer a little inconvenience from his carelessness.

For a long time, Henry searched in vain. He knew that his play-fellow was waiting, and this

made him feel impatient and vexed, and he did not look thoroughly in one place, but ran from room to room, inquiring of every one he saw if they knew where his bag of marbles was ; and giving a hasty look in those places where he thought it most likely he should find the lost treasure. Just as he had concluded to give it up, and play something else, he met his little sister, who had just begun to walk alone, trotting along with one of her father's boots in her hands.

"Where did you get father's boot, little Mary ?" said Henry, "Take care, or you will fall down."

As Henry said this, he saw something in the boot which looked very much like his missing bag, and putting in his hand he quickly drew it out, exclaiming,—

"Oh, mother, little Mary had the bag all the time. She hid it in father's boot, and I have been looking for it so long."

"She could not have reached it if it had been on the nail, Henry. You must be more careful another time."

Henry made no reply. He knew very well that he alone was to blame ; but he felt a little cross, and if his sister had not been so very small, he would have liked to have blamed her for hiding his bag. He ran out in the yard to play, and found Charley very impatient at his long absence.

"We cannot play marbles, now," said he, "for if we do, we shall not have time to fly your new kite. You know I have not long to stay."

"Well, I will get the kite," replied Henry, rather sorrowfully, for he was fond of playing marbles, and had hoped for a very pleasant game. "Let me think. Where did I leave it ? I was flying it before I went to school, this morning. I believe it is under the cherry tree, in the back yard : I sat down there to wind up my string."

The two boys ran into the back yard, and there on the grass lay Henry's kite ; but, alas, it was no longer new. The paper was nearly torn off ; the stick was broken, and the nice ball of cord was dirty and tangled. It was very plain who had done all this mischief, for the dog Fido was lying

under the tree wagging his tail, and playing with the string of the kite.

" You naughty, naughty dog," exclaimed Henry, " you have spoiled my pretty kite :" and he caught up a stick and was going to strike poor Fido, when his mother called from the window,—

" Do not strike the dog, Henry. He is not to blame. The kite was not in its proper place."

Henry dropped the stick, and burst into tears.

" Do not cry, Henry," said Charley. " I will help you make a new kite. Do you know where we can get a stick ? "

" The carpenter across the street gave me that one. Perhaps, he would give me another," said Henry, wiping his eyes.

" We will go ask him," said his friend ; and the two boys ran to the shop, and were soon provided with a proper stick by the good-natured carpenter.

They worked very busily, but the frame was hardly completed before it was time for Charley to go home. He promised to ask his mother to let him come again on the next Saturday, and he said

he would bring Henry a fine large sheet of paper to cover his kite.

Charley had not been gone many minutes, before another of Henry's play-fellows came along. His name was James Ellis.

"Come, Henry," said he, "my father has given me leave to have a game at ball with you. I have no good ball now, but I have this nice bat, and if you will bring your new ball, we will have a grand play."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Henry, "I am glad you have come. Wait a minute and I will bring the ball, and ask my mother's leave to go into the field below the orchard: we can play there without danger of breaking the windows."

But poor Henry's ball was not easily found. He searched the play-room, and every place where he had ever played ball, in vain; and remembering where his bag of marbles had been found, he carefully looked into every boot and shoe, but it was not there.

"Try to remember where you had it last," said

his mother, who pitied his misfortunes ; and had now lain aside her work, and was trying to help him.

After a little thought Henry said,—

“ Oh, mother, I remember where it is now. I was playing with it early this morning, and I batted it so high that it went over the barn ; I did not stop to look for it then, because I was in a hurry to fly my kite before school. It must be among the thick grass.”

So Henry called James, and they went behind the barn, and, after looking for a long time, they found the ball in the middle of a thick bush, and quite hidden by the leaves.

Then they had a nice play for a few minutes, but the town clock soon struck twelve, which was the time that James was to go home. Nearly the whole of his visit had been spent in looking for the ball.

Henry took his seat at the dinner-table looking so very sad that his father noticed it, and kindly inquired what was the matter. His troubles were

soon told ; and his father said that, after dinner, he would tell him how to spend the rest of the holiday happily. Henry's countenance brightened a little at this, and he ate his dinner, and waited patiently until his father was ready to attend to him.

"Now, my son," said Mr. Williams, "you must do exactly as I tell you, and, when night comes, we will see if you have not had a pleasant afternoon. In the first place, go through the whole house and gather up your books and playthings, and everything of which you have the care, and put them where they belong. When this is done, come and tell me."

Henry worked busily for more than an hour, and then returned to his father. He looked very cheerful and happy.

"Come and see my things, now, father," said he, "everything is in good order."

His father willingly went with him, and seemed as much pleased as Henry at the neatness with which everything was arranged.

"Now that all your things are in good order,

your mind feels in better order, does it not, Henry?" he asked.

"Yes, much better, father. I will try to be a careful boy. I feel so happy to think that all my things are in their proper places."

"Remember these two lines," said his father, and do as they teach you, and you will never again meet with so much trouble about your play-things, as you have done this forenoon :—

'When you have finished your play,
Put your things away.'

Henry repeated the lines several times, and said he would try to remember them.

His father then told him that it was very wrong to be careless, and disorderly. It not only gives a great deal of trouble to ourselves and others, but it makes us waste a great deal of time.

"Is it wrong to waste time, father?" asked Henry.

"Very wrong," replied his father. "The Lord gives us time that we may learn to be useful, and we should employ every moment in trying to do

good. It is good for children to play pleasantly and kindly together, but they should always have their playthings in good order, and not waste their play-hours in looking for them. And now, Henry, as you have done your work so well, I will take you to ride. I am going to your uncle Edward's, and shall not return until evening."

Henry was delighted to hear this. He ran to tell his mother, and was soon neatly dressed and seated by his father's side, in their pleasant little wagon: they had about ten miles to ride, through a beautiful wood. Henry was much interested in watching the pretty birds of different colors, which were flying among the trees and singing very sweetly. His father stopped the horse in one place, and showed the little boy some of their nests. He made him observe how neatly each little straw was woven in, and how carefully the whole was lined with soft feathers. Henry thought that the little birds must be very neat and orderly. Then his father told him about the honey bee, which builds her little cells with so much care

and exactness, and fills them with the sweet honey which she gathers from the flowers ; and, also, of the little ants, who build whole cities in the most orderly and beautiful manner, with their wonderful little houses.

All these stories made Henry more and more resolved to become an orderly and useful boy. He enjoyed his ride and his visit very much, and when he kissed his father and bade him good night, he thanked him for his happy afternoon.

SABBATH DAY.

Our noisy toys are put away,

And hushed our merry play ;

For other things we love to do

Upon the Sabbath day.

And, first, we 'll sit by mother's side,

Our lessons to prepare ;

For when we go to Sabbath school,

We meet kind teachers there ;

Who love to have us do what's right,
And earnestly they try
To teach us how we ought to live
To be prepared to die.

When Church and Sabbath school are o'er,
We hasten home with joy ;
For there are many pleasant ways
Our Sabbath to employ.

Dear father is not busy now,
And he has time to talk,
And teach us many useful things,
Or take us out to walk.

A walk with father in the wood,
Where all is hushed and still,—
Except the music of the birds,
Or murmuring of the rill,—

Is not like other walks, you know,
Upon another day :
For, father, from the simplest flower,
We find upon the way,

Can many a pleasant lesson teach
Which leads our thoughts to heaven,
And makes us love the Sabbath day
The best of all the seven.

He sometimes leads us where we find
The desolate and poor,
And shows how to do most good,
With our own little store.

For father says 't is wrong to spend,
For toys or candies sweet,
The money which would buy good bread
For hungry ones to eat.

And so with care we lay away
Each penny we receive ;
And very happy do we feel,
The wretched to relieve.

When evening comes we gather round,
Our psalms and hymns to say,
And then unite in songs of praise ;—
Thus ends our Sabbath day.

Can many a pleasant lesson teach

As that which we learn from the shower?

And many a happy walk we have had,

Since we have been in the shower.



How heavy we were,

And very happy we feel,

THE WALK AFTER THE SHOWER.

" And thus the dogs snarl when you say baA "

And tempt you with their bliffo my bised I

Remainde stinkin floss am it beciv S

THE WALK AFTER THE SHOWER.

" The clouds are passing swift away,

And gently falls the rain ;

The thunder's roll is distant heard,

The sun shines bright again.

" Please, mother, take a pleasant walk

With brother John and me ;

And hear the little Robbins sing,

Upon the great elm tree.

" I 'll take my dolly in my arms,

And here is faithful Tray,

He loves to take a walk with us,

Upon a pleasant day.

" Oh, look, how bright the raindrops shine,

Upon each leaf and flower ;

The trees and grass are very green,

They love the cooling shower."

“ And yet, not many hours ago,
I heard my child complain ;
She wished the sun would always shine,
She did not like the rain.

“ I told her then, that He who made
The sun to shine so bright,
And bids all Nature to rejoice
With sparkling heat and light ;

“ Doth also cause the rain to fall
Upon the parching ground ;
And now each withering tree and flower,
Hath life and beauty found.

“ The birds pour forth their grateful songs,
Upon the leafy trees ;
The fragrant breath of dewy flowers,
Perfumes the cooling breeze.

“ Each bird and tree, and leaf and flower,
Together seem to raise,
To Him who sent the welcome rain,
A hymn of grateful praise.

" And thus, through life, when clouds arise,
And tempt you to rebel,—
Remember 't is your Father's hand,
He doeth all things well."

THE BALL AND WHISTLE.

It was a rainy day, and Johnny could not go into the garden or pleasant fields to play. He built houses with his pretty blocks, and drew his little wagon around the room, and rode upon his rocking horse. But he soon grew tired of all these plays, and he said, — " Do, dear mother, read me a pretty story from my new book."

" I cannot read to you now, Johnny," said his mother, " for I am very busy with my sewing ; but I will tell you some stories, if you wish. Bring me your India-rubber ball, and I will tell you a story about that."

" A story about my ball, mother ! what a funny story that will be," said Johnny ; and he brought the ball, and stood by his mother's side.

"What is your ball made of, John?" asked his mother.

"Of India-rubber, mother."

"And what is India-rubber made of, my son?"

"I think it is one kind of leather, mother. I know of what leather is made,—it is the skins of cows, oxen, horses, and other animals. But this India-rubber looks different from common leather, I think it must be the skin of an elephant."

As Johnny said this, he looked up in his mother's face as if he thought he had made a very wise guess, but his mother only smiled and said,—

"No, Johnny, India-rubber is not made of leather. It is the gum of a tree called the 'Caoutchoue tree.' Can you remember this hard word?"

John repeated it several times, and said he would try to remember it.

"But, mother," said he, "I have seen the gum running from the peach trees and the cherry trees, but it did not look like India-rubber."

"The caoutchoue tree grows in a country far away from where we live, called South America. The gum looks like a thick white juice when it

runs from the tree, but after it is dried in the sun, it grows black and hard. But I think your ball is not wholly made of India-rubber, John ; there is some cotton in it. Cotton grows in pods, on a large plant. The cotton plant is often taller than a man, and it branches out wide ; the flowers look something like the hollyhocks, that grow in your garden. The pods open when they are ripe, and men, and women, and children pick out the cotton with their fingers. A great deal of cloth is made of cotton. When you are a large boy your father will take you to a cotton factory, and you shall see how they spin the cotton into thread, and weave it into cloth. Your apron is made of cotton. You did not know that it grew like the plant in your garden, did you ? ”

“ No, mother,” said Johnny ; and his face shone with pleasure, for he was always glad to learn something new.

“ I shall like my pretty ball much better, now that I know of what it is made,” he said. “ Here is my whistle, that grandfather sent me ; will you please to tell me a story about it, mother ? ”

"Your whistle is made of ivory," replied his mother. "You thought that India-rubber was the skin of an elephant, but I told you that it was the gum of a tree. Now I will tell you that your ivory whistle *is* made of a part of an elephant; and you may try to think what part it is."

"Why, mother," said Johnny, "is my whistle made of some part of an elephant? I like elephants. When I went to see that great one, I rode on his back; he took an apple from my hand with his long trunk. What is the other name for the elephant's trunk, mother?"

"Proboscis; but, John, you are not trying to think about your whistle. You have some ivory about you, but not enough to make a whistle. Elephants have a great deal more than we have — enough to make many pretty things."

"Oh, mother, I know what you mean," said John. "It is the elephant's tusks. I remember now that father told me to look at the ivory tusks."

"Yes," replied his mother, "ivory is made of the teeth and tusks of elephants. Something that looks very much like ivory is made of the



THE LOST KITE.

bones of oxen, and some other animals. Many playthings are made of bone, but your whistle is real ivory. And now, John, I cannot talk to you any more ; for I must go to the kitchen for a little while."

"Thank you, mother, for telling me such pretty stories," said John. "Some other day will you tell me more about my playthings?"

His mother said she would, and John ran off to play, as merry as ever.

THE LOST KITE.

"Come, Herbert, come and tell me why
The tear drops fall from either eye,
Just now you seemed so full of fun,—
What trouble has befallen my son ?"

"Mother, the kite you gave to me
Has lodged upon the willow tree ;
I pulled with all my might and main,
But could not get it down again."

“ And is this why the tear drops fall,
Dear Herbert, is this really all ?
Come dry your tears, my foolish boy,
For crying won’t bring back the toy.

“ Come, bear this trouble like a man,
And try to do the best you can :
Our trusty John will take delight,
In bringing back your precious kite.

“ Why, here he comes, he’s got the prize !
And now, my Herbert, wipe your eyes ;
The kite is just as good as new, —
What good did all the crying do ?

“ In every trouble, great or small,
Which through your life may you befall ;
Remember, Herbert, always try
To conquer trouble, ere you cry.”

TO THE HEART'S EASE;
OR, TRI-COLORED VIOLET.

I've known thee long, and loved thee well,
Thou gladsome little flower ;
And now thou art as dear to me,
As when, in childhood's hour,

I searched beneath the frost and snow
To find thy petals bright ;
And, while the frost one blossom spared,
I plucked it with delight.

I love a bed of thy bright flowers,
They look so full of glee,
Like little children at their play
When all is harmony.

I love to see thy hardy flowers,
The frost and storms endure,
Thou seemest, to me, an emblem of
Those feelings good and pure,

Which fill our hearts with peace and joy,
E'en though our path through life
May seem a dark and dreary way, —
A way of care and strife.



THE PIRATE AND THE DOVE.

A pirate vessel, with its crew,
Once sailed upon the main,
Filled with a band of wicked men,
Who cared for naught but gain.

Their hearts were hardened by their life —
A long sad course of sin;
Conscience seemed dead, — they never heard
The still small voice within.

But there was one among the crew
Who, in his earliest youth,
Was, by a pious mother's care,
Led in the way of truth.

Her gentle teachings seemed forgot,
For now in manhood's prime,
Linked with a band of desperate men,
He led a life of crime.

But sometimes, o'er his darkened mind,
A ray of light would gleam,—
The memory of his childhood's days,
It seemed a passing dream.

But still it came ; in vain he tried
To drive such thoughts away :
“ What care I for the past ? ” he said,
“ Live for the present day.”

But, still, those blessed thoughts would come,
And sometimes, too, a voice ;
He knew it well, its gentle tones
Once made his heart rejoice.

And now, though years of guilt had passed,
That voice still seemed to say,—
“ Return, my son, forsake thy sins,
And walk in virtue's way.”

At length the vessel anchor cast
Upon a distant shore ;
And gladly did the pirate set
His foot on land once more.

With softened heart he gazed around,
It was a lovely scene, —
The balmy air, the fragrant flowers,
The grass and foliage green.

Alone he wandered in a grove,
And by a bubbling spring
He paused awhile, — the landscape round,
Strange feelings seemed to bring.

But hark ! what is that plaintive sound ?
The cooing of a dove ;
Who from a tree above the spring,
Sent forth her notes of love.

He listened to those soothing sounds,
So low, so sweet and mild ;
The pirate bowed his head and wept, —
Wept like a little child.

"Is there yet hope for me?" he said,
And then, as oft before,
He heard that well remembered voice,—
"Repent, and sin no more!"

He kneeled, and murmured forth a prayer,
Then rose and quickly fled;
His comrades, finding search is vain,
Believe that he is dead.

But, no, he lived an altered man,
Those lessons, early taught,
Had slumbered long; but now revived,
A blessed change had wrought.

And often did he bless the hour,
When the sweet plaintive dove,
Perched on the tree above the spring,
Breathed forth her notes of love.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Why does my Ellen at the glass,
So fondly stand and gaze ;
Doth looking at her face and form,
Teach her the Lord to praise ?

Does she remember Him who made
That face and form so fair,
To be a covering for the soul,
Which now is dwelling there ?

Does your heart glow with love, my child,
When in the glass you view
Each part so wonderfully made,
For use and beauty too ?

The looking-glass may useful be,
When it is well employed ;
But vanity and love of dress,
My Ellen must avoid.



THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Always be neat and clean, my child,
In dress and person too ;
And when employed in doing this,
Much good the glass may do.

And many a lesson it may give
If, as I said before,
You learn while looking in the glass,
To love your Maker more.

And strive, more perfectly each day,
To do His holy will ;
Then, as your earthly beauty fades,
The soul grows fairer still.



REMEMBER THE POOR.

When the wind whistles shrill, and the pelting hail
falls,
And the snow drifts are piled at your door ;
As you cheerfully gather around the warm fire,
Remember the wants of the poor.

When you sit round the table so plentifully filled,
With all you can wish for and more,
Remember, my child, as you eat the sweet food,
Remember the wants of the poor.

When clad in warm garments so comfortably made,
You shiver the cold blast before ;
Oh, think, how the naked and hungry must feel,
Remember the wants of the poor.

When Christmas draws nigh and you eagerly hope
Of toys and sweetmeats a store,
Oh, think of the joy a few shillings would bring
To the wretched and desolate poor.

The pleasure you take from these glittering toys,
In a few short hours is o'er ;
Then beg your kind friends to help you relieve
The wants of the suffering poor.

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THE POOR WIDOW AND HER SON.

THE POOR WIDOW AND HER SON.

Susan Grey was a poor widow, she lived in a small cottage with only two rooms in it, but every thing in these rooms looked so neat and nice, that, although the furniture was old and poor, the little cottage always had a cheerful, pleasant look. There was a nice garden in front, which Philip, the widow's son, kept in good order, and it yielded them many useful vegetables, besides a row of pretty flowers; for Susan was fond of flowers, and loved to have a bunch to give to the little children who often came to see her.

While Susan was well and able to work, she and Philip lived very comfortably together in their pleasant little home; but, as she grew older and more feeble, they sometimes found it very hard to get along, and were often in want of many comforts.

But Susan was a good woman, and was always cheerful and uncomplaining. She said that the Lord would provide for them, if they put their trust in Him; and although she was often ill, and

suffered much pain, she never murmured, but bore her sufferings with patience, and, as soon as she was able, thankfully went about her work again.

Philip was a very industrious, obedient boy, and a great comfort to his mother. He was now able to earn a great deal by working for the neighboring farmers, and it made him feel very happy to bring his earnings to her who had always worked so hard for him. But sometimes poor Philip could not get much work, and then he was apt to feel discouraged and impatient, for he had not learned to trust in God, and look to Him for help, so entirely as his good mother did.

One summer, Susan was very ill, and unable to work for several months; and Philip could hardly earn enough to support them from day to day, so when the cold winter came they had no money laid by for fuel or comfortable clothing, and, indeed, they sometimes found it difficult to get their daily food. One cold evening, a little before Christmas, as they sat together by their low fire, Susan observed that Philip looked even more sad than usual, and she called him to her side, and

putting her arm round him, affectionately asked what troubled him.

"Oh, mother," he replied, "it breaks my heart to see you so poor, and to think how many comforts you are in need of. I remember how happy we used to be at Christmas, when dear father was living ; and, indeed, since his death we have always been comfortable, and able to celebrate the day, in our own small way, until this year."

"I know we have, my dear son," replied Susan, "and should not this teach you to trust in your heavenly Father, who has never forsaken you ? He will provide for us, only put your trust in Him. He is the Father of the widow and the fatherless."

"But, mother," continued Philip, "we have but a few sticks of wood left, and no money to buy any more ; our potatoes are good for nothing this year, and our other vegetables are nearly gone. Unless we can earn some money before many days, we must either starve or beg."

"Notwithstanding all this, my dear boy," repeated Susan, "we will trust in the Lord, and you will see that He will provide ;" and taking her

large bible from the shelf, she read many beautiful passages to Philip, which soothed his troubled feelings, and then they kneeled together and prayed earnestly to their heavenly Father.

The next morning was bright and beautiful, and Philip again looked cheerful and happy. "I will go to Farmer Wilson's," he said to his mother, "and ask him if he cannot give me some work. He is very kind to the poor, and I know he will employ me if he can."

Farmer Wilson had a large family of children, and about the time that Philip reached his house, he was seated in his easy chair, surrounded by a merry group of bright-eyed boys and girls, who were begging to know what he intended to give them for Christmas gifts.

"You must first tell me what you intend to give to the poor, for their Christmas gifts," replied the good farmer, as he looked affectionately on the happy children. "Have you carefully laid by a little store to relieve the wants of others, and have you searched the neighborhood to find those who are most in need of assistance?"

The children were silent for a few moments, for they had thought more of their own pleasures than of the wants of the poor ; and the farmer continued, —

“ Let that be your business for to-day, my dear children. Seek out those who are in want, and to-morrow we will spend our Christmas in trying to make others happy.”

“ Susan Grey is very poor now,” said Mary, the eldest of the girls. “ She was sick all summer, and unable to work ; and Philip could not earn enough to lay by much for winter.”

“ Then she must be cared for,” said the farmer, and just as he said this, Philip knocked at the door. He was kindly received, and the farmer assured him that he had several week’s work ready for him, and would pay him, all that he earned, every evening. “ And I have some plain sewing for your mother to do,” said Mrs. Wilson. “ Is she able to work, now, Philip ? ”

“ Yes, ma’am,” replied Philip, his countenance brightening as he spoke, “ she will be very glad to do some sewing for you. We have been quite out

of work lately, and hardly knew how we should get through the winter ; but if Farmer Wilson gives me employment for a few weeks, and mother can get a little work also, we shall do nicely again."

" Oh, yes," replied the farmer, " you will do well. The honest and industrious are seldom in want. But, Philip, my children have a favor to ask of you. They wish to make a few Christmas presents to the poor in the neighborhood, cannot you tell them of some who are in want? "

" Oh, yes sir," said Philip eagerly. " There is poor Mrs. Brown,—she has been ill for several weeks, and has little to eat, and scarcely a blanket to cover her this cold weather ; and there is Mrs. Morris, with her six little children ; you know Mr. Morris died last summer, and she has to work very hard to support so many."

" Well, my children," said the farmer, " you see that there are many who will be glad of your Christmas gifts. Your mother will advise you how to spend the money which you have saved ; and I have several barrels of potatoes and apples,

and a few loads of wood, which you may dispose of amongst those who are in need."

"Does not your mother need anything, Philip?" asked Mary. "She was unable to work all summer."

Philip hesitated. He thought of the few sticks of wood which they had, and of the difficulty of procuring suitable food for his mother, while her health was still so feeble, but he presently replied, —

"Thank you, Miss Mary; we are sometimes in want, but there are others who need help more than we do, and work is all we ask for."

"But Mary wishes to make your Mother a present," said Mrs. Wilson, "and she wishes to know what would be most useful. You need not hesitate to speak plainly, Philip. It is not like begging for assistance, but only doing us a favor, by telling us what you most need."

Thus urged, Philip told his kind friends how very poor they had become of late, and how sad and discouraged he had felt.

"My dear mother told me that it was wrong to feel so," he continued. "She always says, that, if we trust in the Lord, He will provide for us."

"He will, indeed, my dear boy," replied the farmer; "but the Lord must impart his blessings through those upon the earth to whom he has given abundance; and, although I love to see the poor try to help themselves, they should be willing to let the rich know their situation when they are really in want; so you must remember, Philip, never to see your mother suffering for help, without giving us the opportunity of relieving her."

Philip thanked the good farmer, with tears in his eyes; and with a large basket on his arm, filled with comfortable things for Christmas, he took his leave. In the course of a few hours, a load of wood stopped at the door of the widow's cottage, and this was soon followed by a wagon containing two barrels of potatoes and one of apples. Mary Wilson also called, bringing some useful articles of clothing, both for Mrs. Grey and Philip.

The widow's heart was filled with thankfulness, and Philip could hardly contain his joy and gratitude.

"I will try never to be so discouraged again, dear mother," he said. "I will learn to trust, like you, in our heavenly Father, who has never forsaken us."



FATHER'S RETURN.

FATHER'S RETURN.

The farmer's daily work is o'er,
And glad he hastens home ;
His children, at the cottage door,
Shout as they see him come.

"Oh, there is father ; mother, look,
He 's coming through the gate."
They run to meet him, full of joy,
No longer can they wait.

The youngest climbs upon his knee,
The eldest brings her book,
That he may see how much she 's learned,
"Oh, look, dear father, look."

The mother, with her pleasant smile,
The supper doth prepare ;
And soon they gather round the board,
To taste the humble fare.

And then, again, the children climb,
Upon their father's knee ;

And many a pleasant story tell,
Or sing with childish glee.

But soon 't is time to go to rest,
The evening prayer is said ;
And, after many a fond good night,
The children go to bed.

And pleasant are their little dreams,
And oft they smile in sleep,
For angel guards around their bed
Their nightly watch will keep.



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